

## Choice Poetry.

JUNES.

BY WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

I gazed upon the glorious sky,  
And the green mountains round,  
And thought that when I came to die,  
I would not wish to find a friend  
To share my lot, as I have found,  
When I was young and full of life,  
And the world was all before me,  
And the future was a bright and new  
And the world was all before me,  
And the future was a bright and new

A cell within the frozen world,  
A coffin beneath the sod,  
And the cold earth above me,  
And the cold earth above me,  
And the cold earth above me,  
And the cold earth above me,  
And the cold earth above me,  
And the cold earth above me,  
And the cold earth above me,  
And the cold earth above me,  
And the cold earth above me,

And what if cheerful shouts at noon,  
Come from the village street,  
Or voices of the young and true,  
With merry laughter sweet,  
And what if in the evening light,  
The windows glow with fire,  
And the voices of the young and true,  
With merry laughter sweet,  
And what if in the evening light,  
The windows glow with fire,

These to their destined hearts should bring,  
The thought of one who can no more  
And the cold earth above me,  
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Select Story.

## A FORTUNATE MISTAKE.

Coming out of the opera one evening, jostled

in the crowd, I felt a hand clasping my own,

and a musical voice exclaimed:

"You good-for-nothing! I thought I had lost

you! What a frightful mistake! I believe my

arm is broken, and my dress ruined."

I was on the point of replying that I agreed

with her, but restrained myself, and, looking

wardly at the novel position in which I was

placed, and wondering who my fair companion

could be, I turned to look at her. Evidently she mistook me for her

brother, or possibly her husband, for she added, in

a sympathetic tone:

"Forgive me, Ralph—your poor head! I am

sorry I made you so uncomfortable."

"Fardon me, madam," I said;—"but—"

"Oh, nonsense, Ralph!" she interrupted me.

"You have been looking at me as if I were your

wife, while you stand there as if I were your

mother, and you then married, instead of your

sister, my dear brother, I shall catch my death

of cold sitting here; and such a long ride, too!"

Here she turned to go, but I called out to her:

"Wait! I have a favor to ask of you. I have

a letter for you, and I have a letter for you."

"What letter?" she asked, looking at me with

a curious expression.

"A letter from my mother," I said, "and a

letter from my sister. I have a letter from

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Ere I reached my chamber, I resolved to as-  
certain, if possible, who the person was that  
I had met in the large hall on the corner, and  
who had arrived from the country so recently,  
that I might thereby secure myself to whom I  
was indebted for a delicious kiss, and whose ac-  
quaintance I was very desirous of making.

Early upon the following morning, I sat down  
and wrote a few lines to Miss Lucy Walters,  
and enclosing one hundred and fifty dollars,  
addressed the letter, and depositing it in my pocket,  
walked forth in quest of the information I so  
much desired. Wending my way to a friend's  
room, I met a lady that I knew, and inquired if  
he was acquainted with the neighborhood in  
which I had been on the previous evening.

"Yes, sir, very well," he replied.  
"That is all I want," I replied.  
"Can you tell me who lives in the large house  
on the left hand side of the corner? The house  
stands back from the road?"  
"Oh, yes, indeed," he said.  
"How far is it?" I asked.

"About four miles and a half, perhaps more,"  
he said.  
"That is all I want," I replied.  
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"The person you so often think about, who  
sent Lucy Walters the money, and whom you  
kissed?"

"Mr. Clark?" exclaimed my wife, as the work  
fell from her lap.  
"You don't think? How can you say such an  
absurd thing?" And a puzzled expression rested  
upon my wife's face, which, in spite of all my  
powers of resistance, forced me to laugh aloud.

"Oh, I remember now," she said; "Ralph  
said something like that once, when you were  
present."  
"Then, Mrs. Clark, you deny having kissed  
him?"

"I don't know," she said, "but I don't think  
it is possible that it was you?"  
"Very probable, certainly," I replied.  
"And you have concealed it all this time? You  
are the most deceptive of men!" she exclaimed.

"Don't blame me for doing what neither you  
nor any other woman can do," said I, "and  
that is, keep a secret—unless it be her age."  
"I will not believe it," said Mrs. Clark.  
"Remember, I am not a child, and I am not a  
fool, and I am not a fool, and I am not a fool,"  
I replied. "Then, let me be the proof."

I was prepared for this scene, and I drew  
from my pocket the envelope containing the money,  
and pointed out her initials, whereupon we mutually  
agreed that she had made a "Fortunate Mistake."

"Well, I can manage it for you, Mr. Clark,"  
replied the lady. "My uncle Dean lives out  
there."  
"Yes, Mrs. Walters," he replied.  
"Can I trust you, George?" I inquired.

"You may, sir, if you want to help Miss Wal-  
ters without her knowing who is doing it,"  
said he.  
"Well, said I, 'this letter is intended for  
Miss Walters, and it is a letter from me, and it  
is a letter from me, and it is a letter from me,'  
I said he.

"That lady in blue?" said my cousin.  
"No," said I, "the lady beside her."  
"Have you not made her acquaintance? That is  
Miss Wright."  
"Any relation to Miss Emma Wright?"  
"No," they're quite intimate, however. Let  
me present you."

"Glad Miss Wright bestowed a look of more  
than ordinary curiosity upon me, as my cousin  
presented me; but I—had the effort—  
of the fact that I had met her eyes before, and  
had received from those lips a sisterly kiss. I  
seated myself beside her, I overheard the

"Taking everything into consideration, I think  
very little blame can be attached to the  
gentleman who was so kind as to bring you to  
me, and I am sure that if you were to see him  
at my elbow, but whose face was turned from  
me."  
"My dear dear, Ralph," said Miss Wright, as  
she stepped his shoulder lightly with her face,  
a faint blush suffusing her cheeks.

"But the coyness of the whole proceeding  
indicated that she was not, as she seemed to be,  
a sisterly friend. The fellow gave her a brotherly  
kiss."  
"I am not sure, Miss Wright, as the blood  
mounted to her forehead."  
"Come, come, Wright, don't ask me to believe  
that," exclaimed one of the group.

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that," exclaimed one of the group.

## HISTORY.

## Presidents and Candidates in the United States.

Washington was re-elected by nearly a unanimous vote. During his administration, the Federal and Republican parties sprang into existence. On Washington's retirement, John Adams, of Massachusetts, became, by common consent, the candidate of the Federal party for President, and Thomas Jefferson, of the Republican party, Adams was chosen President, and Jefferson Vice-President. In the year 1800 a caucus of members of Congress was held in Philadelphia, which nominated Thomas Jefferson for President, and Aaron Burr for Vice-President. They were elected over John Adams and Charles C. Pinckney. Mr. Jefferson was re-nominated and re-elected in 1804, with George Clinton, of New York, as Vice-President, over Charles C. Pinckney and Rufus King.

James Madison was nominated by a Congressional caucus, in January, 1808, and elected President by a large majority. He was re-nominated in the same manner in 1812. In September of the same year a convention, representing eleven States, was held in New York, which nominated De Witt Clinton. But James Madison was re-elected.

In 1816 James Monroe was nominated by a Congressional caucus, he receiving 69 votes, to 15 for De Witt Clinton. In 1820 he was re-elected without opposition.

In 1824 the Congressional caucus was opposed by a large portion of the Republican party. But sixty-six members responded to the call, and these nominated W. H. Crawford for the Presidency. The House of Representatives also nominated various States, and there was no choice by the people. The House of Representatives elected John Quincy Adams, and the Senate elected Andrew Jackson. Adams was elected President, and Jackson Vice-President.

The first political convention ever held in this country took place in Philadelphia, in 1828. It was called the United States Anti-Slavery Convention. Francis Granger, of New York, presided. No business of importance was transacted, but the same convention met in Baltimore, in 1832, and nominated William Lloyd Garrison, of New York, for President. In May, 1832, a Democratic convention was held in Baltimore, to nominate a candidate for the Presidency. Martin Van Buren, of New York, was selected, and the ticket, with Jackson as Vice-President, was elected. The National Republican Convention assembled in Baltimore, Dec. 12, 1831, and nominated Henry Clay, of Kentucky, for President.

In May, 1832, a Democratic National Convention was held in Baltimore. Twenty-one States were represented at this convention, the two-thirds rule was adopted, and Martin Van Buren was elected President. The National Convention was held in Baltimore, May 18, 1832, and nominated Henry Clay, of Kentucky, for President. The National Convention was held in Baltimore, May 18, 1832, and nominated Henry Clay, of Kentucky, for President.

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## ODE TO THE BODY LOVER.

## DEDICATED TO THE ARMY OF THE CONFEDERACY.

Let others sleep of strife and war's alarms,  
And waste their breath;  
To me the subject is devoted of charms,  
The subject is devoted of charms,  
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## THE VETO—A FABLE.

## BY W. A. CROFT.

A colony of rats, one stormy night,  
Assembled in a room, full of golden ears;  
When, lo! a voice of brightness bright,  
Flashed round the room, and broke their fears.  
They fled away in haste,  
And hid themselves in holes and tears.  
Not a rat was left,  
In twenty years."

Two hungry and dishonest old men,  
Borrowed a barrel of golden ears,  
And hid it in the corner, and they slept,  
Till the barrel was empty, and they wept.  
And the rats, who were so hungry,  
Came and ate the ears,  
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And the rats, who were so hungry,  
Came and ate the ears,  
And the rats, who were so hungry,  
Came and ate the ears,

Two hungry and dishonest old men,  
Borrowed a barrel of golden ears,  
And hid it in the corner, and they slept,  
Till the barrel was empty, and they wept.  
And the rats, who were so hungry,  
Came and ate the ears,  
And the rats, who were so hungry,  
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